The Resurrection of Mars

(TARDIS materialisation. Door unlocked.)
THE MONK: Out. Out! Get out of my TARDIS you ungrateful, interfering, aggravating pest!
LUCIE MILLER: All right! No need to push. (Groan.) And you can shove your Time meddling right up the nearest black hole.
THE MONK: Lucie Miller, you are fired.
(Door closed again.)
LUCIE MILLER: *I'm* fired? You're the one who's fired, mate!
(TARDIS dematerialisation.)
LUCIE MILLER: Blooming 'eck, it's a bit parky. Should've grabbed me coat. Oh...
(Tapping as though running on spot.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hang on. Weird gravity. Hey. This isn't Blackpool. This isn't even Earth. Hoi, come back here, you lying toerag!
THE PILOT: (speaker) Moonbase. Come in. Moonbase. Respond, please.
LUCIE MILLER: Moonbase? Oh great, he's dumped me on the Moon.
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Calling Lord Slaadek. This is the Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Slaadek, can you hear me?
LUCIE MILLER: You're kidding me.
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) This is the Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: Picture, picture, picture...
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Slaadek, there is an explosive device in the comms unit.
LUCIE MILLER: It *is* you!
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) If you don't respond we will detonate it immediately.
LUCIE MILLER: Explosive device? Detonate? Oh sugar. I suppose you think this is funny.
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) You lie. If you had such a device you would use it.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, and who are you supposed to be? Touché Turtle? Doctor ... Doctor, it's me, Lucie Miller. Hello? Hello.
(Bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, how do you get the sound on this thing! Okay, so that's not it.
(Walking.)
LUCIE MILLER: Uh-oh. Giant lizards approaching.
ICE WARRIOR 1: A human in the security control room.
ICE WARRIOR 2: Destroy it.
(Ice Warrior guns. LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, time to close the door, I think. Oh ... What is it about the future that they always have to hide the blinking ... ah! Lock door.
(Bleeps. Humming.)
LUCIE MILLER: Okay. Okay, now, think. Think. If the Doctor's trying to blow up these lizards, they can't be good news, so ... get a message to the Doctor. Yes. How? Well, if that's the video, then...
(Bleeps. Female Voice of COMPUTER.)
COMPUTER: Deimos Moonbase facilities currently in lock-down. Please enter password to access video transmission.
LUCIE MILLER: Great. This is an emergency, you stupid computer!
COMPUTER: An emergency channel is available for non-verbal communication.
LUCIE MILLER: Non-verbal? What do I do, send it in semaphore?
COMPUTER: Please, type your message using the keyboard on screen.
LUCIE MILLER: A text message. I can send the Doctor a text message, can I? Oh well, okay, here goes. Hiya Doctor, I'm stuck in the Moonbase on Deimos. Please help, Lucie Miller.

TAMSIN DREW: Who on Earth is Lucie Miller?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Captain, I thought you'd checked there were no humans left on the Moonbase.
THE PILOT: I did.
(Bleeps.)
THE PILOT: There, you see? No human life si... No. One human life sign.
TAMSIN DREW: You haven't answered my question, Doctor. Who on Earth is Lucie Miller?
THE DOCTOR: A friend of mine. I haven't seen her since Christmas last - well, I say Christmas

last, I mean, Christmas Two Thousand and Si... Se... erm, Nine?
TAMSIN DREW: The year is immaterial. She's a time traveller, is she?
THE DOCTOR: Not since Christmas, no.
TAMSIN DREW: Then what in Heaven's name is she doing on Deimos?
THE DOCTOR: I have absolutely no idea.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: This changes nothing, Doctor. Activate the bomb.
THE DOCTOR: No.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What do you mean, no?
THE DOCTOR: Miss Finch, you are asking me to kill, to execute an innocent person. I won't do it.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Not even to save all the innocent people living on Mars?
THE DOCTOR: We've been through this and the answer is still no.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: And not even to save the life of your friend Tamsin.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, I don't know who this Lucie is, I'm sorry if she means a lot to you, but the lady is right. You've got to destroy the Ice Warriors before they destroy M...
(Static.)
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) Doctor, we have disarmed your explosive device. You could have defeated us, if only you did not lack the courage.
THE DOCTOR: We have to turn this rocket around, now.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: I suppose you expect me to endanger the lives of six hundred passengers just so you can save your friend.
THE PILOT: We don't have enough fuel for a second takeoff. We'd be at the mercy of those creatures.
TAMSIN DREW: They're right, Doctor, there's nothing we can do.
THE DOCTOR: You think I should leave her there to die? Because let me tell you, that is something I would never, ever do.

LUCIE MILLER: Come on. How long can it take to reply? Further than that door's going to last much longer...
(LUCIE MILLER cry as door is destroyed.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Hi there. You're probably wondering what I'm doing here, right? Well, I'm kind of wondering the same thing.

(Walking on metal to place where sounds of other passengers can be heard in the background.)
TAMSIN DREW: Budge up, Doctor. You all right? They're handing out water, protein wafers and stress relief capsules, to anyone who needs them, I mean.
THE DOCTOR: I'm fine.
TAMSIN DREW: Are you upset about your friend?
THE DOCTOR: I never thought I'd see her again. And now she turns up here, of all places.
TAMSIN DREW: Bit of a coincidence.
THE DOCTOR: A bit.
TAMSIN DREW: I mean, if it wasn't for her we'd all be safe right now.
THE DOCTOR: If it wasn't for *her?*
TAMSIN DREW: You hesitated, Doctor, because of her. And everything that's happened is now meaningless. In case you've forgotten, Grenville died down there, just because he didn't get through the hatchway in time.
THE DOCTOR: I haven't forgotten, Tamsin.
TAMSIN DREW: So what's so special about this Lucie Miller person?
THE DOCTOR: Nothing. That's the point. I would have done the same had it been you down there.
TAMSIN DREW: Really?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
TAMSIN DREW: Thing is though, Doctor, if it had been me down there, I would have wanted you to press that button.
THE DOCTOR: It's not up to me to decide who lives and who dies.
TAMSIN DREW: Not even if it means saving millions?
THE DOCTOR: Not even if it means saving billions. Is that a problem, Tamsin?
TAMSIN DREW: Problem? Everyone aboard this rocket is going to die because you had a "to be or not to be" moment, and you don't think it's a problem? Hey, everyone's dead, but the

Doctor's got a clear conscience, that's the main thing.

(Being marched along.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oi! Careful with those pincers. You're knackering me shoulder.
LORD SLAADEK: What is this? We no longer require hostages. Kill her.
ICE WARRIOR: But Lord Slaadek, the reason the Doctor did not destroy us was because of the presence of this female.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, really? All because of me? Ah!
LORD SLAADEK: You have done well. If the Doctor values her life so highly, she may prove useful in thwarting further attempts to disrupt our plans. Human?
LUCIE MILLER: Ow!
LORD SLAADEK: Why did the Doctor not let you die?
LUCIE MILLER: Because ... because I'm his friend.
LORD SLAADEK: He cares for you? Then why did he leave you on the base?
LUCIE MILLER: He didn't know I was here, all right?
LORD SLAADEK: Explain.
LUCIE MILLER: I was brought here ... well, dumped here, more like. I was travelling with this guy who calls himself The Monk.
(Last sentence echoes.)

THE MONK: Lucie, my dear, I completely understand, believe me I do. You're cold and you're tired, you'd just been dragged out from underneath an avalanche...
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. An avalanche caused by you, you ... nutter.
THE MONK: Oh, sticks and stones may break my bones...
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, don't start giving me ideas.
THE MONK: I see your pride has been bruised.
LUCIE MILLER: That's not all that's been bruised, mush.
THE MONK: Trust me. It'll all seem better in the morning.
LUCIE MILLER: Burying villages under ice-falls is your idea of making things better?
THE MONK: As I explained, Lucie, some sacrifices have to be made for the greater good. One has to take the long-term view with these things - it's all a matter of perspective.
LUCIE MILLER: Perspective? What sort of perspective would that be? The perspective of a homicidal blooming maniac?
THE MONK: You know, I'm beginning to sense a certain professional friction in our relationship. I think maybe it's time I let you go.
LUCIE MILLER: Let me go? (Laugh.) Oh, no, no, no, no. I'm letting *you* go. Take me home right now or ... or...
(Movement.)
LUCIE MILLER: You see this statue?
THE MONK: Careful with the Cupid. It's an original Michelangelo.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, well, stop this TARDIS right this instant, or you'll be getting an original Michelangelo where the sun don't shine.

(Walking on metal.)
HAROLD: Er, Doctor...
MARGARET: Not disturbing you, are we?
THE DOCTOR: No, no.
(Coughing in background from passenger.)
MARGARET: Your friend not with you? Tamsin, was it?
THE DOCTOR: She er... she wanted some time to herself.
HAROLD: We - we just wanted to say, Miss Finch told us, about what you did.
THE DOCTOR: And you've come to tell me you think I did the wrong thing?
HAROLD: I'm sorry, but, er - yes, I do. We have family on Mars. And when you have children there isn't anything you wouldn't do to protect them.
THE DOCTOR: You'd even allow an innocent person to die?
HAROLD: Yes, if I had to.
THE DOCTOR: Well then, that's the difference between us. I'd give up my own life without hesitation, it's mine to give. Just don't ask me to give up anybody else's.
MARGARET: Not even to save our grandchildren, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Not even to save your grandchildren.

HAROLD: I see. Well, we just wanted you to know, Doctor. We just wanted you to know.

(Metal noise of door opened.)
TAMSIN DREW: (scoffs) Not even if it means saving billions. Yeah. You change the rules to whatever suits you, Doctor.
THE MONK: You know, I couldn't agree more, my dear.
(TAMSIN DREW gasps.)
THE MONK: Oh, I'm sorry. Did I startle you?
TAMSIN DREW: It's all right. I just thought I was alone in here. You? What are you doing here?
THE MONK: The proverbial bad penny, I'm afraid.
TAMSIN DREW: Fed up of skulking around monasteries trying to pilfer illuminated manuscripts?
THE MONK: Pilfer? Oh, I would hardly call it that. Besides, it's not a dusty old book I'm after this time. Dear me, no. It's you.
TAMSIN DREW: Me?
THE MONK: Meeting you at Kells, it made me realise, I may have been a trifle ... injudicious in my selection of assistant. If only you hadn't been recruited by the Doctor. If only...
TAMSIN DREW: If only what?
THE MONK: Never mind. My dear Tamsin ... I may call you Tamsin?
TAMSIN DREW: If you want. What do I call you? Thelonius?
THE MONK: Oh no, no, no. Such a mouthful. No, no. Just call me ... The Monk.
TAMSIN DREW: The Monk?
THE MONK: Yes, an affectation I know, but ... it's one that reflects my, er, philanthropic calling. Now, come with me, there's something I wish to show you. Something I think you may find most illuminating.

(Bleeps of instrument panel.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Doctor to the Bridge immediately, please. Where's it targeted?
THE PILOT: Hard to say. Any point on the Martian surface parallel to Deimos's orbital path.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Which includes the first colony. Gah!
(Door automatically opens, walking.)
THE DOCTOR: You sent for me, Miss Finch?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Doctor, we've picked up an accumulation of ion wave energy on the moon's surface.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, and you think the Ice Warriors are about to use the re-ioniser?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Hard to imagine what else it might be. Any second now they'll be firing the beam, and when it hits the atmosphere, molecular ignition. The clouds will catch fire.
THE DOCTOR: And what do you expect me to do about it?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Feel guilty.
THE PILOT: That's odd.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What's odd?
THE PILOT: The atmospheric re-ioniser - it's not doing anything.
THE DOCTOR: I know.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What do you mean you know?
THE DOCTOR: Before we left, I sabotaged it. Well, Professor Schooner and I sabotaged it. What, did you think I was going to let all those people die?

LORD SLAADEK: Why is the re-ioniser not functioning?
ICE WARRIOR: The operational matrix, it has been interfered with, my Lord.
LUCIE MILLER: What's the matter? Your powerful weapon not rising to the occasion? (Chuckles.) Ow!
LORD SLAADEK: The Doctor. It must have been the Doctor.

TEMPERANCE FINCH: You knew all along that the thing wouldn't work.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I was ninety per cent sure. Eighty? Fifty? Well, I had my fingers crossed, both hands.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: So Mars is safe?
THE DOCTOR: Only temporarily, I'm afraid. The Ice Warriors will be able to fix it, given time.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: How much time?
THE DOCTOR: Not long, a matter of hours. So, turn this rocket around, Supervisor, or everyone

on Mars will die.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: How do I know you're not just saying this to make us go back so you can rescue your friend?
THE DOCTOR: Well, there's the interesting thing, Miss Finch. You don't.

(Metal door slides open. Walking on metal.)
TAMSIN DREW: Injudicious in your selection of assistant?
THE MONK: When you were recruited by the Doctor you should have been meeting me. Time and Space traveller, seeking companion?
TAMSIN DREW: That was you?
THE MONK: Mm, ingenious, eh? That way I could vet potential companions rather than ... oh, I don't know, ending up with some ninny who's accidentally wandered on board looking for the loo.
TAMSIN DREW: But your first choice of companion didn't work out?
THE MONK: Sadly no, no. I had to ... let her go. She was unreliable. A great pity, but ... well, sometimes one has to be cruel to be kind. Fortunately I'm in a position whereby ... I can absolve myself of my sins, acting as my own personal confessor.
(Door slides open.)
TAMSIN DREW: Sorry, but where are we going? This is the engine room, isn't it?
THE MONK: Oh, don't worry. Here it is.
TAMSIN DREW: I wouldn't go in there if I were you, or can't you read? Danger, Radiation.
THE MONK: Yes. Well, one has to discourage the riffraff. In, in.
(TARDIS door closing.)
TAMSIN DREW: Hang on. This is a TARDIS.
THE MONK: Full marks. My TARDIS.
TAMSIN DREW: This is why you brought me here, to show off your TARDIS?
THE MONK: Oh, no, no. I wouldn't expect a woman of the world like you to be impressed by this. Though this is a far more advanced model than the one owned by the Doctor. It's my pride and joy, and in perfect showroom condition.
TAMSIN DREW: Apart from all the scorch marks on the console.
THE MONK: Ah, yes. Mm, the result of trying to replace the directional unit with inferior technology. Something for which I have you to thank. But, all repaired now. Just need to give it a dab of polish and it'll be shining like new.
TAMSIN DREW: Speaking of which, these antiques don't look very antique. Are they fakes, or did you just plunder them from the appropriate time periods?
THE MONK: Oh - careful with those.
TAMSIN DREW: Half a dozen Fabergé eggs, two Van Goghs, a Blu-Ray of Something's Got To Give - whatever that is. A load of old video tapes. The Beatles on Juke Box Jury?
THE MONK: Yes, souvenirs, rescued for posterity. They - they aren't what I brought you on board to see either. Now, I'm going to show you what travelling in Time is really all about.
(Console bleeps, dematerialisation.)

LORD SLAADEK: Can you repair the device?
ICE WARRIOR: It will take time, my Lord, to assess the damage.
LORD SLAADEK: We do not have time. Deimos calling the human craft. This is Lord Slaadek.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: (speaker) Having some trouble with the re-ioniser, are you?

LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) We wish to inform you we have captured the human female.
THE DOCTOR: Oh no.
LUCIE MILLER: (speaker) Doctor, I'm sorry, I didn't mean for...
(Muffled voice.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie!
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) You will return the Doctor to us, or the female will die.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Go ahead, kill her if you like. Cut transmission.
THE DOCTOR: No, wait!

TEMPERANCE FINCH: (speaker) No, you wait Doctor. If these creatures want us to hand you over then that's exactly what we're *not* going to do.
THE MONK: The fools. They'll never agree to give up the Doctor that easily. Oh, for heaven's sake. If you want a job doing properly...

(Console bleeps.)
THE MONK: ... do it yourself.

TEMPERANCE FINCH: Captain, what's happening?
THE PILOT: Not sure. Total systems malfunction. The gyroscopic stabilisers aren't responding.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What's causing it?
THE PILOT: I don't know. It should be impossible. We're being pulled back to Deimos, a collision course.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Doctor, if this is something to do with you...
THE DOCTOR: You think I'd cause this rocket to crash with me on board?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Who, then? The Ice Warriors?
THE DOCTOR: Unlikely. Allow me, Captain.
(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: We seem to be caught in an artificial gravity eddy. That requires advanced technology well beyond anything from this era.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: But can we escape it?
THE DOCTOR: No. We're going to crash. It's just a question of how violently.

THE MONK: (Laugh) That's it, my friends. Down you go, back to the moon with a bump. (Laugh.) Send the Ice Warriors my regards.
(Door opening.)
TAMSIN DREW: You said you'd be two minutes.
THE MONK: Ah - I was merely checking the provisions for our trip. Er, what takes your fancy? Cakes from the kitchens of Marie Antoinette? Arctic coffee, fresh from the Fifty-First Century? Caesar's own Caesar salad?
TAMSIN DREW: I'm not hungry, thanks. What trip?
THE MONK: My dear, it is time you learned the truth about the Doctor and his irresponsible Time-meddling.
(Dematerialisation.)

LORD SLAADEK: So, female, it seems your fellow humans do *not* value your life. Warrior, kill her.
ICE WARRIOR: Wait, my Lord.
LUCIE MILLER: I wish you lot'd make up your minds. You're always blowing hot and cold. Well, cold mainly.
LORD SLAADEK: What?
ICE WARRIOR: The human craft has reversed its trajectory.
LORD SLAADEK: Excellent.

THE PILOT: Distance to moon, thirty miles. Twenty-nine. Twenty-eight.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: At this rate there won't be anything left of us but a large impact crater. Captain, retro-thrusters on full.
THE PILOT: Yes, Supervisor.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, wait, wait, wait, you'll get us all killed.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: In case you haven't noticed, Doctor, we're falling very rapidly towards a very large and very hard rock.
THE DOCTOR: If you use your thrusters now, all you'll buy yourselves is a couple of minutes, but when the fuel runs out, you'll be pulled down at terminal velocity nevertheless.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What do you suggest?
THE DOCTOR: Wait, until the last possible moment. Then fire all retro-thrusters at once, every ounce of fuel. That should slow our descent enough for the rocket to survive the impact.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: So much for the rocket. What about the people inside it?
THE DOCTOR: It's their best chance too. What's our altitude?
THE PILOT: Fifteen miles. Fourteen.
THE DOCTOR: We'd better warn the passengers. It's going to be a bumpy landing.

(Passenger sounds, THE DOCTOR on loudspeaker)
THE DOCTOR: Hello there, this ship is out of control and we're about to make an emergency crash-landing so I recommend you all strap yourselves in, and find something to hold onto. Oh, and return all seats to upright positions. Doctor out.

MARGARET: Harold, I ... I don't want to die.
HAROLD: We'll be fine, Margaret. The - the Doctor, he knows what he's doing. It'll ... it'll be just like touchdown on Mars.
MARGARET: I love you, you know, ever since the first day I saw you.
HAROLD: Now, that's a fib and you know it, love. You thought I was a right idiot. A-and you made sure I knew it too. I love you too, you big silly.
MARGARET: Here it comes. I can see the ground...
HAROLD: Oh...
MARGARET: The moonbase, the craters growing larger. It'll be any second now.

TEMPERANCE FINCH: Five miles. Four.
THE DOCTOR: Ready, Captain?
THE PILOT: Ready.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Three miles. Two miles. Now!
THE DOCTOR: Not yet, not yet.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: One mile. Five hundred yards.
THE DOCTOR: Fire thrusters ... now!
(Thrusters fired. Crash.)

(TARDIS materialisation. Console bleep to signify landing.)
THE MONK: And ... there we go. That's the great thing about these Mark Fours, such a wonderfully smooth materialisation action.
TAMSIN DREW: Makes a change from travelling with the Doctor.
THE MONK: Oh, you'll find that he and I differ in many respects, Tamsin. For instance, I know both where we have landed and when.
(Scanner operated.)
TAMSIN DREW: Go on then. Impress me.
THE MONK: We've travelled one thousand years into the future, some ninety light years from Earth. The planet Halcyon.
TAMSIN DREW: Halcyon? It looks like ... like something from a fairy-tale, like the Forest of Arden. It's so green, and those flowers. Purple - no, orange. They're changing colour.
THE MONK: The air's breathable. Would you like to step outside?
(Door opened. Bird-song.)
TAMSIN DREW: It's beautiful.
(Inhales breath.)
TAMSIN DREW: The air smells of...
(Sniffs.)
TAMSIN DREW: What is that? Honey?
THE MONK: The scent of paradise, eh?
(Sniffs.)
THE MONK: Get a good whiff.
(Sniffs.)
TAMSIN DREW: On the trees, they're like coral. Oh, what are these? Hummingbirds? Butterflies? They're almost transparent.
THE MONK: Shimmer-wings. A species unique to this world. Come on, my dear. There's a village settlement not far away.
TAMSIN DREW: A village? Won't they think we, er, look a bit strange?
THE MONK: It's all right. We're surrounded by an S.E.P. filter. To them, we're the least interesting person at the party.
(Note - SEP= Someone Else's Problem. A Douglas Adams creation.)
TAMSIN DREW: And what about your TARDIS? Won't they ... Oh - it's turned into a Punch and Judy booth! How do you get it to do that?
THE MONK: (laugh) Unlike the Doctor, my TARDIS has a fully-functioning camouflage circuit. I could have disguised it as a tree, but ... well, then it would have been like trying to find a noodle in a spaghetti factory...
(Voice fades away.)

(Grunts.)
HAROLD: Margaret ... Margaret, are you all right?
MARGARET: Oh Harold, after this, I don't think I'll ever be frightened of anything ever again.

HAROLD: Here. Let me help you up.
MARGARET: Oh, you were right. From now on, we'll just stay at home and read travel magazines.

(Metal grinding.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Stasis report?
THE PILOT: Er ... extensive damage to retro thrusters, but structurally sound. Air pressure normal.
THE DOCTOR: And the passengers, Captain?
THE PILOT: We took quite a knock, but the inertia dampeners would have taken most of that. They should be okay.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: So what do you reckon then we do now, Doctor? Ow ... Send an SOS?
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) Humans. You have returned to us.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: I thought you might want to gloat, Lord Slaadek.
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) Now you must release the Doctor into our custody.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Oh no. The Doctor's staying put.
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) You do not understand. We control the microwave emitter. It is directed towards your ship. If you do not give us the Doctor, you will all be roasted to death.

(Laughter.)
TAMSIN DREW: What is it the villagers are doing?
THE MONK: Giving thanks to Nature. It's the closest thing they have to a religion. You see, the Halcyon are one of the most highly-civilised races in the cosmos. They have cured every disease, created transcendent works of art...
TAMSIN DREW: Don't tell me, they don't know the meaning of war.
THE MONK: Oh, they do. They're not ignorant. It's just that they see no need for it. A population of twenty billion, and yet everyone has all they could ever need. A Nirvana, the likes of which the Universe will never see again.
TAMSIN DREW: What do you mean, will never see again?
THE MONK: Come back to the TARDIS, and I'll show you.

(Materialisation. Inside console room, same console bleep to indicate landing.)
TAMSIN DREW: Where are we now?
THE MONK: Same location. Precisely the same location, exactly one solar rotation, one Halcyon year, later. And ... there.
TAMSIN DREW: Okay. Shall I do the doors?
(TARDIS doors opening. Sudden violent wind. TAMSIN DREW gasps.)
THE MONK: I wouldn't step outside if I were you. The atmosphere is poisonous to all human and Halcyon life.
TAMSIN DREW: It's just smoke and rubble.
THE MONK: All their culture, their science, lost forever.

THE DOCTOR: Miss Finch, you've got to let me go, that way there's still a chance.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: So you can repair the atmospheric re-ioniser for them?
THE DOCTOR: What - would you rather we all died together in a futile gesture of defiance?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Sounds good to me.
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) Humans, you have not released the Doctor to us.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: No. He's not going anywhere, I'm afraid.
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) Then you shall die. Activate the microwave emitter.
THE PILOT: They are not bluffing. Temperature's rising.
THE DOCTOR: You're getting the message, Supervisor. Every passenger on this ship will be boiled in their own blood, if you don't let me go.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: You're not leaving, Doctor. Even if I have to shoot you myself.
(Metal dropped. TEMPERANCE FINCH cry.)
THE DOCTOR: Shoot me, Supervisor, with a microwaved gun? Good luck. Lord Slaadek, it's the Doctor. I'm on my way outside, on condition you deactivate the emitter now.
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) As you request.
THE DOCTOR: Miss Finch, I'll need another of your space-suits.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: I hope you realise what you've done, Doctor. You've just signed the death warrant for three hundred thousand people.

(TARDIS door closed.)
TAMSIN DREW: What did this? What happened?
THE MONK: I fear you must prepare yourself for a bit of a shock.
TAMSIN DREW: I've already had one.
THE MONK: What you saw was the consequence of the Doctor's interference.
TAMSIN DREW: The Doctor?
THE MONK: Oh, haven't you guessed yet? This is what happens after the Doctor prevents the Ice Warriors from returning to Mars. Thanks to him, when more Ice Warriors wake up, they have no choice but to seek a new home. A world ninety light years from Earth, a world ideal for their purposes.
TAMSIN DREW: Halcyon.
THE MONK: Ten points, my dear. The Ice Warriors attack, destroying all life on the planet, before making it their new home.
TAMSIN DREW: You mean, a second Mars, Mars Two?
THE MONK: Indeed. Mars Two, Halcyon Nil.

(Marching.)
ICE WARRIOR: Move.
THE DOCTOR: Might I remind you I've returned here of my own free will. There's no need to push.
LORD SLAADEK: Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Ah. Lord Slaadek.
LUCIE MILLER: Hello, stranger.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Long time, no see.
THE DOCTOR: You know, when you said you wanted to travel, I didn't think you meant a hundred years into the future to a moon going round another planet in the solar system.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, you know what it's like. You have a couple of drinks, you fall asleep on the night-bus.
THE DOCTOR: I never expected to see you again.
LUCIE MILLER: I never *wanted* to see you again.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I realise that.
LUCIE MILLER: Still, now you're 'ere ... you gonna give us a hug or what?
(Walking.)
THE DOCTOR: I've missed you, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: I've missed you too - ow! ow! Oi! Touching reunion going on 'ere.
LORD SLAADEK: It is quite enough. Now Doctor, you will repair your sabotage to the re-ioniser.
THE DOCTOR: The people on the rocket - they are not to be harmed.
LORD SLAADEK: You are in no position to make demands, Doctor. Either you repair the re-ioniser, or we will kill this Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: No Doctor, don't do it, not because of me, you can't...
(Her last word is muffled as are her subsequent protests.)
THE DOCTOR: Very well, Lord Slaadek, I'll give you what you want.

TAMSIN DREW: But what if this is what was always meant to happen, to Halcyon?
THE MONK: Meant to happen? My dear, you've spent too long with the Doctor. Oh, I'm sure if you were to ask him he'd give you some well-rehearsed flannel about the web of Time or protecting the course of history.

(Sonic screwdriver.)
THE DOCTOR: There, operational matrices restored.
LORD SLAADEK: Excellent. But first I must be assured that you have not indulged in some fresh treachery. Warrior, activate the re-ioniser.
ICE WARRIOR: Yes, my Lord.

THE MONK: Just as the Doctor was happy to let millions die for the sake of his companion, he's prepared to let billions die for the sake of a few hundred thousand humans.

(Humming of power.)
ICE WARRIOR: It appears to be functional, my Lord.
THE DOCTOR: What did I tell you?
LORD SLAADEK: We must test its efficacy. Align the re-ionisation beam with ... the human spacecraft.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: No, you can't.

THE MONK: It's not that he's ignorant of the consequences of his actions, it's just that he's afraid to face up to them.

TEMPERANCE FINCH: Captain, what's happening?
THE PILOT: A surge of ion wave energy. They're using the re-ioniser.

THE MONK: That's the difference between us. I'm prepared to take responsibility. I have the courage to improve history, to make it better.

(Passengers moaning.)
MARGARET: Harold, can you hold me, please. I'm frightened.
HAROLD: There, there, my girl. Everything will be all right. You'll see.
(Explosion.)

THE MONK: Because I believe the ends do justify the means.

LUCIE MILLER: Oh no.
THE DOCTOR: Slaadek, what have you done?

THE MONK: I believe in working for the sake of the greater good.

ICE WARRIOR: The human craft has been destroyed, my Lord.
LORD SLAADEK: Thank you, Doctor.

(Metal door slid open.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, why did you do it?
THE DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?
LUCIE MILLER: Why did you repair the Ice Warriors' machine?
THE DOCTOR: They were threatening to kill you, remember.
LUCIE MILLER: So - what, now I should have six hundred people's deaths on my conscience?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, the Ice Warriors would never have let them live. Factorial cypher lock, a billion combinations, should take about five minutes.
LUCIE MILLER: If I hadn't been here in the first place, none of this would have happened.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I was going to ask you about that.
(Bleeps and sonic screwdriver.)
LUCIE MILLER: It all started when I saw this ad. Traveller in Time and Space seeks male or female companion.
THE DOCTOR: No experience necessary, no time wasters, no space wasters.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
THE DOCTOR: Sorry, go on.
LUCIE MILLER: I thought it'd be like, when I was with you - you know, travelling the stars, fighting insane computers, that sort of thing. And it was, to begin with. Except he wasn't bothered about not changing history. In fact, that was his main thing.
THE DOCTOR: Changing history?
LUCIE MILLER: He said he was making it better. At first, it was fun. We met Caligula - oh, he was well bonkers, and these old wispy-haired things called Sensorites - they weren't as much of a laugh. Then we saw the final of Thordon's Got Talent - you know, the one where that singing Slithergy won, then we sort of crash-landed in mediaeval Ireland.
THE DOCTOR: You did what?
LUCIE MILLER: His TARDIS's directional whats-it was up the spout, so - we hung around in this abbey to see if they could repair it.
THE DOCTOR: Kells Abbey?

LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. And let me tell you - hessian really chafes. Hang on, how did you know it was Kells Abbey?
THE DOCTOR: I was there.
LUCIE MILLER: No.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. I was the one who found you out.
LUCIE MILLER: No! That was you, the apothecary?
THE DOCTOR: What a small universe. So you were...
LUCIE MILLER: Brother Lucianus. (Laugh.) I had to wear a wig, strap down me doo-dahs and use a voice changer jobbie. (Laugh.) It was a right laugh.
THE DOCTOR: Th-then-then this time traveller you were with was called...
LUCIE MILLER: The Monk. What is it with you lot and not having proper names? Look, do you want me to finish me story or not?
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, sorry.
LUCIE MILLER: So anyway, well after that, we went to the planet Questas, where this dictator guy had taken charge. Kind of like Genghis Khan but with two beards. So the Monk said, why don't we travel back in time and prevent him from being born.
THE DOCTOR: So you travelled back.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes. He arranged for the dictator's parents to be killed in an avalanche.
THE DOCTOR: But you weren't going to stand for that.
LUCIE MILLER: Too blooming right I wasn't. I gave him what for. I told him I don't want to hang around with a murderer. 'Cause even if you try to avoid wars and stuff, I mean it's not worth it if you have to kill people. Well, the next thing I knew he'd dumped me in this moon base. And, well, you know the rest.
THE DOCTOR: So you had no part in what the Monk was planning, then or now?
LUCIE MILLER: Now? No. No! Don't look at me like that.
THE DOCTOR: Because you've been used, Lucie. He used you to stop me from defeating the Ice Warriors when I had a chance.
LUCIE MILLER: I know. I'm sorry. I wish you had pressed that button.
THE DOCTOR: Don't say that. Never say that.

(Monk's TARDIS materialisation.)
THE MONK: Deimos. Exactly one hour after we departed.
TAMSIN DREW: What happened to the rocket? To Finch and the tourists.
THE MONK: I don't know. Let's see, shall we? Time and space visualiser, recent history.
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) There, operational matrices restored.
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) Align the re-ionisation beam with ... the human spacecraft.
TAMSIN DREW: The Doctor. The Doctor helped them?
THE MONK: It grieves me to say it, but I do believe you're right. Six hundred people dead, and all because of the Doctor.

(Sonic screwdriver.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, why didn't you press the button?
THE DOCTOR: Mm?
LUCIE MILLER: I mean, one life to save millions. It makes sense.
THE DOCTOR: Because ... I used to be that guy.
LUCIE MILLER: You mean, you're the Monk? (Gasps.) It was you all along?
THE DOCTOR: No, but not far off - I was once a man with a master-plan.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh.
THE DOCTOR: I'd seek out injustices, topple governments all in the name of the greater good. I'd started doing the maths, you see.
LUCIE MILLER: The maths?
THE DOCTOR: This is how evil starts - with the belief that the ends justify the means. But once you start down that road, there's no turning back. What if you can save a million lives, but you have to let ten people die? Or a hundred? Or a hundred thousand? Where do you stop?
LUCIE MILLER: But you did. You did stop.
THE DOCTOR: I did. But by then I'd ended up travelling alone, because I couldn't trust myself with anyone's life. Well, not after...
LUCIE MILLER: Not after ...? Not saying. Okay. Then what was it made you realise it was time to change from lonely bean-counter to companionable time traveller?
THE DOCTOR: A new body. A clean slate, a fresh start. From that day on I knew I never would

again countenance the death of a single living being. That's why I no longer travel alone.
LUCIE MILLER: Why?
THE DOCTOR: So I could never forget how precious a single life is.
(Bleeps. Door opening. Marching.)
LUCIE MILLER: That's why you have companions? What, to keep you in check?
THE DOCTOR: That's not the only reason. Look, you can stay here. Sit this one out if you want. I'll come back for you when I'm done.
LUCIE MILLER: Get off!
THE DOCTOR: I thought you'd had enough of me?
LUCIE MILLER: I'm not sure what I think right now. But as of this moment, you're my lift home, so I'm sticking to you like glue. Besides, you said yourself, you need me to keep you on the straight and narrow.

(Door opened. Walking.)
THE MONK: Here we are Tamsin, my dear. Deimos departure lounge just as I promised.
TAMSIN DREW: So what happens now?
THE MONK: History will follow a new path. If the Ice Warriors take Mars, the world of Halcyon will be left undisturbed.
TAMSIN DREW: I mean here and now. Are you leaving?
THE MONK: No. The Doctor has an irritating habit of thwarting plans at the last possible instant. Whilst he remains a threat, so must I remain here. But as for you, my dear Tamsin...
TAMSIN DREW: Yes?
THE MONK: It's entirely your decision. Will you join with me, or - will you return to the Doctor? The choice is yours.

LUCIE MILLER: Central fission chamber. What is it we're looking for 'ere?
THE DOCTOR: This.
LUCIE MILLER: What's that? A bomb or something?
THE DOCTOR: Just a bomb.
(Bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Careful with it, then!
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, it's disarmed.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, phew.
THE DOCTOR: So all I have to do is rearm it like so.
(Different rhythmic bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: Don't worry, it's not going to go off by itself.
LUCIE MILLER: Glad to hear it.
THE DOCTOR: Now I can detonate it remotely using this. All I have to do is press this button...
LUCIE MILLER: And - that's what you're going to do, right?
THE DOCTOR: Only as a last resort. If the explosives are set off while the re-ioniser is in use the resulting chain reaction could destroy Deimos, maybe even Mars itself.
LUCIE MILLER: So I'm guessing our next stop is this re-ioniser thing.

LORD SLAADEK: The atmospheric re-ioniser is fully prepared?
ICE WARRIOR: Yes, my Lord.
LORD SLAADEK: Then activate.

LUCIE MILLER: They've started.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: We'll never get near that thing. There's dozens of 'em.
THE DOCTOR: Don't worry. Have you ever known me not to have a plan? Don't answer that. Now, look what it is we're hiding behind.
LUCIE MILLER: A mouldy old suit of Ice Warrior armour? Oh no.
THE DOCTOR: I'll need your help to put it on then hopefully I'll pass as one of them.
LUCIE MILLER: You are so gonna get yourself killed.
THE DOCTOR: I'll be fine.
LUCIE MILLER: What am I supposed to do while you're playing dress-up?
THE DOCTOR: You need to go to the environment control suite, turn up the ambient temperature. The warmer it is, the harder it will be for the Ice Warriors to function. Right, there. What do you think? One Ice Warrior, Fourth Dynasty.

LUCIE MILLER: Just - take care, all right?
THE DOCTOR: Ss-see you later.

ICE WARRIOR: Ionisation beam hitting out at thermosphere. Nitrogen levels increasing.
LORD SLAADEK: Let the resurrection of Mars commence.

LUCIE MILLER: Blimey, it's cold. I think I'm growing icicles. Okay, time to get this place defrosted.
(Bleeps.)
COMPUTER: Ambient temperature increasing.
LUCIE MILLER: Minus ten degrees. Nine degrees. Oh, come on, you stupid thing! We haven't got all day.

LORD SLAADEK: When Mars is reborn, we shall have our revenge on the humans. I will lead our race to victory.
ICE WARRIOR: My Lord. The temperature.
LORD SLAADEK: It is becoming warmer. There must be humans in the base. You will remain here to guard the re-ioniser.
(Marching off.)
ICE WARRIOR: Yes, Lord Slaadek.
LORD SLAADEK: The rest of you, follow me. I shall lead the search myself. You there. Stay here as well.
ICE DOCTOR: Yes, Lord Slaadek.

LUCIE MILLER: Minus five, minus four ... (Gasp.) Ah! Dripping water right down me back. Oh well, it proves it's getting hotter.
TAMSIN DREW: Do you often talk to yourself?
LUCIE MILLER: What? Who the blinking flip are you?
TAMSIN DREW: Tamsin Drew. And you must be the famous Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: Famous? If you say so. Hang about. You're Sister Maria.
TAMSIN DREW: That's right, Lucianus.
LUCIE MILLER: Guilty as charged. Oh I see. You travel with the Doctor now.
TAMSIN DREW: Sort of. I think I was your replacement.
LUCIE MILLER: Right. He always did have weird taste. Still, at least you're human.
TAMSIN DREW: What?
LUCIE MILLER: Wait a tick. What do you mean, "sort of"?
TAMSIN DREW: We've had what you might call a falling out.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, what's he gone and done this time?
TAMSIN DREW: Well mainly he got several hundred people killed, and now he's going to let a whole planet get wiped out.
LUCIE MILLER: N... None of that was his fault. And I think you'll find it was the Ice Warriors who did the killing.
TAMSIN DREW: Look, I don't have time to explain, I have to get the heating turned down again.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh - what - oi. No you don't. You take one step closer and I'll deck yer. I'm not joking.
TAMSIN DREW: You don't know what you're doing. You're just making everything worse.

ICE WARRIOR: It is becoming hard to breathe.
ICE DOCTOR: Is it? I feel fine.
ICE WARRIOR: Wait. What are you doing with the hammer of Vaxil?
ICE DOCTOR: This.
(Thump.)
THE DOCTOR: Out cold, to coin a phrase. Now, for the re-ioniser.
(Slow sarcastic clapping.)
THE MONK: Oh, very good, Doctor, very good.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, it's you, is it? Yes, a gravity eddy is just your style. Well, I don't have time to deal with you right now.
THE MONK: I love the Ice Warrior impression. You should turn profess-ssional. Who else do you do?

THE DOCTOR: Come on, you stupid machine.
THE MONK: You know as well as I do Doctor, that once the re-ionisation process has been initiated, there's simply nothing you can do.

LUCIE MILLER: Keep back.
TAMSIN DREW: You don't understand, Lucie. You've got to consider the greater good.
LUCIE MILLER: The ... Oh no. No, wait. You haven't been speaking to an old guy dressed in robes, have yer? Calls himself the Monk, smiles like a used car salesman?
TAMSIN DREW: What if I have? He talks a lot of sense, actually.
LUCIE MILLER: He's fed you a load of baloney, more like. The Doctor's good. He's a hero.
TAMSIN DREW: Tell that to all the people on that ship who died because he considered your life more important than theirs.
LUCIE MILLER: It wasn't like that.
TAMSIN DREW: Explain to their relatives how the Doctor is such a hero.
LUCIE MILLER: You know, I'm really not liking you right now.
TAMSIN DREW: Shh, listen.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Oh, great. Now your scaly friends are outside.
TAMSIN DREW: They're not my friends. Just because I'm not trying to stop them doesn't mean they won't have me executed.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, there's gratitude. Look, come on. Help us barricade this doorway.
TAMSIN DREW: With what?
LUCIE MILLER: Just ... push that big desk thing over. See if you can't wedge it in 'ere. Come on!
(Moving heavy object and grunting.)

THE MONK: I told you Doctor, it's futile.
THE DOCTOR: I have to try.
THE MONK: Face it, Doctor, you've failed. The jaws of defeat have already snapped shut. No use trying to prise them open.
THE DOCTOR: You are loving this, aren't you?
THE MONK: It does afford me a certain ... entertainment value, yes.
THE DOCTOR: Is that why you're here, to gloat?
THE MONK: Yes, that and to see that my little scheme has gone to plan.
THE DOCTOR: Your little scheme?
THE MONK: Surely you must have worked it out by now, Doctor? Does the name Halcyon ring any bells?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, so that's your justification for allowing thousands of people to die?
THE MONK: Sacrifices must be made. A short-term cost to be recouped with a long-term saving.
THE DOCTOR: The justification of a tyrant.
THE MONK: Maybe it is, maybe it isn't. Doesn't make it wrong.
THE DOCTOR: Oh no, it does. So that's why you brought Lucie here.
THE MONK: You left me no choice, Doctor. You were in serious danger of unravelling all my hard work and ... as Miss Miller had er, outstayed her welcome, I thought why not kill two birds with one stone.
THE DOCTOR: There shouldn't even be Ice Warriors on Deimos at this period of history.
THE MONK: Me again, I'm afraid. A little temporal rejigging. I altered the, er, settings on their alarm clocks for an earlier rise. Amazing what difference a few centuries can make. And I would have gotten away with it too, if it hadn't been for your meddling. Oh no, wait. I did.
(THE MONK laughs.)

ICE WARRIOR: My Lord Slaadek, the way to environmental control has been barred.
LORD SLAADEK: Then you must force your way in.
(Banging.)
LORD SLAADEK: Warriors, report. Is the re-ioniser secure? Answer. Answer! Focus. Continue with your task. I must return to the re-ioniser.

(Banging on door from outside.)
TAMSIN DREW: It's no good. They'll be through in no time.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, kind of spotted that. Look, keep piling stuff up. We have to give the

Doctor more time.
TAMSIN DREW: You really love him, don't you?
LUCIE MILLER: Hello, Ice Warriors at the door, not really appropriate.
(Sudden metallic crash.)
TAMSIN DREW: Well, what do we do now?
LUCIE MILLER: Quick, back against the thermostat box of tricks thing.
TAMSIN DREW: Why?
LUCIE MILLER: Don't argue, just come here.
(TAMSIN DREW gasp.)
ICE WARRIOR: You will step away from the controls.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no. You're going to stay right where you are, Mister.
ICE WARRIOR: Move or I will kill you.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't think so. You can't risk hitting the controls and leaving them stuck on maximum.
ICE WARRIOR: You will ... you must ... surrender.
(Falling.)
TAMSIN DREW: They collapsed. All of them.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Lucky, that. Still, as the saying goes, if you can't stand the heat, stay out the kitchen. Okay, so we're not actually in a kitchen, but it's near enough.

THE MONK: Martian atmosphere now seventy-five per cent nitrogen. Hah, not far to go now. Er, tell me, Doctor, how does it feel to be present at the birth of a whole new timeline?
THE DOCTOR: You are meddling with things you don't understand. The destruction of Halcyon is a part of the web of Time.
THE MONK: Is it, though? I mean, really, or is that just something we Time Lords say to excuse our policy of non-intervention?
THE DOCTOR: It's not an excuse. It's our duty to defend history, our responsibility to make sure it's not disrupted.
THE MONK: If you say so. Though you are hardly qualified to lecture anyone on responsibility, but when it comes down to it, you're as much of a Gallifreyan flunky as the rest of them.
THE DOCTOR: And you are a feckless idiot.
THE MONK: At least I'm not a hypocrite.
THE DOCTOR: What?
THE MONK: I don't have one rule for my friends and one rule for everyone else.
THE DOCTOR: You're wrong.
THE MONK: Oh, really? Have you forgotten how many people have died today because you had to save Lucie Miller?
THE DOCTOR: If anyone is responsible for that, it is you.
THE MONK: Admit it, Doctor. You've been hoisted by your own petard, victim of your own spurious morality.
(Ice Warrior gun.)
THE DOCTOR: Down.
THE MONK: Oh, er, no, er, you can carry on without me. I'll catch you later, Doctor.
(Ice Warrior gun.)
THE MONK: Ow! Oh! You'll pay for that!
(Ice Warrior gun.)
THE MONK: Oh! Ow! Now I know how Joan of Arc felt. Ow!
(His voice fades away.)
THE DOCTOR: Fine, scurry away when the going gets tough, just as you always do.
LORD SLAADEK: Doctor. So, the time has come for your execution.
THE DOCTOR: Really? How much longer can you hold out, Slaadek? Getting hot under the collar?
LORD SLAADEK: You ... shall ... regret your words.
THE DOCTOR: No need to get all steamed up about it.
LORD SLAADEK: Humans in environment control. Calling humans in environment control.

LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) This is Lord Slaadek. I have the Doctor at my mercy.
TAMSIN DREW: Hadn't we better get that?
LUCIE MILLER: I'm on it.
(Bleeps to respond.)

LUCIE MILLER: You - turtle features. You leave the Doctor alone, or...
TAMSIN DREW: Or what, exactly?
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) You will lower the temperature, or he will die. You have thirty seconds.
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Lucie, remember what we said!
LUCIE MILLER: Well then.
(Bleeps.)
COMPUTER: Ambient temperature decreasing.
TAMSIN DREW: What are you doing? You can't lower the temperature. If you do then those ... things will wake up and kill us!
LUCIE MILLER: And if I don't, he'll kill the Doctor.
TAMSIN DREW: Even if it means we end up dying instead?
LUCIE MILLER: Would you rather we just sat back and let the Doctor die? Is that what you want?
TAMSIN DREW: No, of course not. What sort of monster do you take me for?
LUCIE MILLER: Well then, you should decide whose side you're on, lady. Oh. Getting colder. Five degrees. Four. Three.
TAMSIN DREW: Well, now you've set the thermostat do we really have to stick around here to get killed?
LUCIE MILLER: Good point. You lead the way, I'll be right behind you.

LORD SLAADEK: The temperature is dropping, yes. Your associate has chosen to let you live.
THE DOCTOR: I'd rather hoped she would.
LORD SLAADEK: A temporary respite.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I don't doubt it but it gives me a chance to do this.
(Bleeps.)
LORD SLAADEK: What are you doing? Cease or I shall kill you.
THE DOCTOR: Oh no, you see this remote control - we've rearmed the explosives. If you shoot, all I have to do is press this button and this whole base will be reduced to moon dust.
LORD SLAADEK: You lie.
THE DOCTOR: Try me. I've nothing left to lose.
(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: There!
LORD SLAADEK: What have you done?
(Electronic alarm signal.)
THE DOCTOR: Induced a critical feedback in the re-ionisation beam. I might not be able to reverse the process but I can bring it to a very sudden halt with a very loud bang.
LORD SLAADEK: This is suicide.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. You've got about five minutes. If you're going to run, start running now.
LORD SLAADEK: But you have failed. The re-ioniser. We have already altered the atmosphere of Mars. It is irreversible.
THE DOCTOR: Four minutes and forty-five seconds. Please, feel free to keep chatting, Lord Slaadek, we'll all go up together.
LORD SLAADEK: All warriors, we must evacuate the Moon base. Return to the transport immediately.
ICE WARRIOR: (speaker) Yes, Lord Slaadek.
LORD SLAADEK: Doctor, you shall die for this.
THE DOCTOR: In about four minutes, unless you want to shoot me first, but remember, one press of this button...
LORD SLAADEK: Never forget, Doctor, Mars is ours. We shall return and claim our birthright. It is only a question of time.
THE DOCTOR: Thank goodness. Thought he'd never leave. Right. One or two last-minute adjustments...
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: Oh, there you are. And Tamsin. I was wondering what happened to you, on the rocket ship one minute, the next gone. Quite a disappearing act.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: I turned off the heating thing. Was that what you wanted?
THE DOCTOR: Exactly what I wanted. I knew I could rely on you.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I was hardly going to let you snuff it, was I? After all, you're my ride

home.
THE DOCTOR: Speaking of which, time we all got back to the TARDIS.
(Walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, don't tell me - because everything's gonna explode.
THE DOCTOR: Just like old times, eh?
LUCIE MILLER: Just like old times.
TAMSIN DREW: So, you're satisfied, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Satisfied?
TAMSIN DREW: With what you've done? Defeating the Ice Warriors?
(Walking stops.)
THE DOCTOR: I wouldn't say satisfied was the word, but ... well, yes.
TAMSIN DREW: What about Halcyon?
THE DOCTOR: Halcyon?
LUCIE MILLER: What's Halcyon when it's at home?
TAMSIN DREW: The Doctor knows. Halcyon is the world the Ice Warriors will now invade instead of Mars. I've been there, Doctor. The Monk showed me. Twenty billion people will die because of what you've done today.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, inside the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no, I'm staying for this.
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, listen to me. You've got it all wrong.
TAMSIN DREW: Go on, then, explain. Why do the Halcyons deserve to die?
THE DOCTOR: They don't. But I can't save them. I wish I could. One of the greatest tragedies in the history of Creation, and I can't prevent it any more than I could prevent the fire of the library of Alexandria.
TAMSIN DREW: Don't tell me - the consequences for the web of Time would be utterly catastrophic.
THE DOCTOR: Actually, they would. Tamsin, is there something you want to tell me?
TAMSIN DREW: I've had enough, Doctor. I'm sorry, but I don't think I want to travel with you any more. Monk?
(TARDIS materialisation. Door opened.)
THE MONK: Tamsin. You called?
TAMSIN DREW: I'm ready to go.
LUCIE MILLER: What? You can't go with him. He's a murdering lunatic.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie is right. You're making a terrible mistake, Tamsin.
TAMSIN DREW: I don't think so. I've seen through you. You claim to be this great moral crusader, but all that matters to you is keeping your friends alive. Oh, and your web of Time.
THE DOCTOR: You don't understand.
TAMSIN DREW: I think I do, that's the problem. I want to travel with someone who is prepared to make a difference, for good.
THE DOCTOR: Whatever he has told you, it's not true.
THE MONK: Oh no. I think the problem is that it is all *too* true. Until we run into each other again. Doctor, Miss Miller. TTFN.
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin!
TAMSIN DREW: Goodbye, Doctor.
(Walking. Monk's TARDIS dematerialises.)
THE DOCTOR: We should go. Into the TARDIS, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: She must be bonkers.
THE DOCTOR: I don't want to talk about it.
LUCIE MILLER: But she's...
THE DOCTOR: I said I don't want to talk about it. Into the TARDIS now.
(Walking. Door closed. TARDIS dematerialisation. Alarm outside.)
LORD SLAADEK: Hurry, my warriors. We must return to the catacombs at once.
ICE WARRIOR: But my lord, there is not sufficient...
(Explosion.)

(Inside console room.)
LUCIE MILLER: Whoo! That's some big bang.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. The re-ioniser feedback caused the base's atmosphere to become highly flammable.
LUCIE MILLER: It's like the whole moon's on fire. Pity about all them people on Mars, though.

THE DOCTOR: What do you mean?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, the Ice Warriors altered the atmosphere. They must all be dead by now.
THE DOCTOR: Oh no. You see, I managed to adjust the process at the last minute so the atmosphere should now be ... well, a mix of about eighty per cent nitrogen, twenty per cent oxygen.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh? But ... isn't that...?
THE DOCTOR: The same as Earth's atmosphere, yes. The re-ioniser fulfilled the purpose for which it was constructed - to make Mars habitable for humans.
LUCIE MILLER: So the colonists - they're all all right down there?
THE DOCTOR: I imagine they're better than all right. They're probably stepping outdoors and taking deep breaths of fresh air.
LUCIE MILLER: Stupid question, but if this machine worked, why did they never use it before?
THE DOCTOR: Because there would never have been enough heat and light for life to survive on the surface, but now ... just watch.
LUCIE MILLER: The moon - Deimos. It's like a sun, a miniature sun.
THE DOCTOR: A new dawn, rising from Mars. A blue dawn. Part of history. Part of the web of Time.

THE MONK: Next time, Doctor. This was merely a dummy run. Next time I'll end your time meddling for good.
TAMSIN DREW: Next time?
THE MONK: (laugh) I'm sorry, my dear. I shouldn't let him get to me. Where did I put my stress ball? No. No, no, no, no. I should be welcoming you on board. My new companion and partner. No regrets?
TAMSIN DREW: No. No regrets. So where are we heading now? Anywhere nice? I hear Carrisima Maxima's rather good this time of year.
THE MONK: I think it's time I dropped in on some old friends. Some old friends who also have a score to settle with the Doctor. See if we might not ... (laugh) ... combine our talents.
(Dematerialisation.)

THE DOCTOR: Well then, Lucie Miller, where next? The glass deserts of Marinus, the court of Tsar Nicholas the Second, or maybe somewhere with dinosaurs. I love dinosaurs, don't you?
LUCIE MILLER: I don't know.
THE DOCTOR: You don't know? How can you not know whether or not you like dinosaurs?
LUCIE MILLER: No, I mean ... I don't know about going anywhere next, with you.
THE DOCTOR: I understand. Blackpool then.
(Console noises.)
LUCIE MILLER: I guess.
THE DOCTOR: The thing is, I feel I owe you, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't be daft. You don't owe me anything. But it's still too raw - you know, Aunty Pat and all that.
THE DOCTOR: Christmas.
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry?
THE DOCTOR: I owe you Christmas. I ruined your last one, I - I - I ... I'd like to give you Christmas back.
LUCIE MILLER: Are you serious?
THE DOCTOR: What happens after that is up to you. Please say yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Christmas, he says. Oh, I'm such a sucker for Christmas.
THE DOCTOR: Yes!
LUCIE MILLER: But Christmas where? Christmas when?
THE DOCTOR: You'll see.
LUCIE MILLER: Hmm. This had so better not be rubbish.
(TARDIS dematerialisation.)